C-221-5-6

W Bronscombe 1813 0508

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 46 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 1, 1907. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

A Christian Hero.

Up to the time that Hedley Vicars went to Canada, in 1851, religion was a subject that had concerned him but little, if at all. Like most of his brother-officers in the army, he indulged in dissipation and excess, especially when his regiment was quartered at Corfu. A feeling of remorse oppressed him, arising

chiefly from the heavy debts he had contracted, and from the grief thus occasioned to his widowed mother. Then his conduct began to improve, and remorse for his excesses turned to hearty repentance.

The influence of Dr. Twining, garrison chaplain at Halifax, had results that proved a turning-point in the gay soldier's career. Young Vicars firmly made up his mind to renounce, once for all, the evil practices to which he had been addicted, and endeavor to live as an earnest and consistent Christian

There were no half-measures with him. He at once forsook bad companions, and gave all his leisure time to the study of the Bible and speaking to the soldiers about religion. He made no secret of the change that had taken place in him, and was fully prepared for a storm of reproach and ridicule. It soon became a joke among the officers that Vicars had 'turned Methodist,' and in many ways he was the butt of hostility and sarcasm. But he contrived to stand his ground without flinching.

One morning two or three young officers entered his room, and found him reading the Bible. They made a few remarks, far from complimentary, and were going away, when Vicars placed his hand upon the book, said, in decisive tones, 'Henceforth, these writings are my "colors."'

He was a diligent attendant at church and at Bible classes; he read the Scriptures and talked earnestly to the men of his company, and prayed with them, taught in Sunday schools, and visited the sick.

His colonel, impressed with his steady, upright character, offered him the post of adjutant, with the remark, 'Vicars, you are the man I can best trust with responsibility.' It was not a post he coveted, but he thought it would be imprudent to decline the honor. Soon after the appointment, one of the officers laughingly made the significant comment, 'He won't do for it—he's too conscientious.'

Vicars returned to England in 1853, when he devoted all the time he could spare from his military duties to religious and philanthropic work. Besides looking after the religious interests of his men, he taught in ragged schools, frequently addressed the navvies working at the Crystal Palace, took an active part in the operations of the Soldier's Friendly Society, and in other ways identified himself with Christian workers. With regard to his influence on the soldiers, it was said that he had 'steadied about four hundred men of his regiment.'

Some time after the outbreak of the Crimean War the 97th Regiment was ordered to the Crimea.

Vicars shared all privation and exposure with his men, and often gave up small luxuries and comforts for their benefit. At one of the outposts he gave up his tent, because he thought some of them were less hardy than he, and he slept in the open air under a frail roof made of cuttings from bushes.

Through all the times of suffering and misery Hedley Vicars kept up the spirits and hopes of his men, and seized every opportunity of reading and praying with them, and bringing consolation to the last moments of the dying.

At length the day arrived when he was to fight his first and last battle.

Some fifteen thousand Russians marched out of Sebastopol, and silently and stealthily approached the British and French lines. The French were attacked, and had to retire. About two thousand Russians then entered a ravine, with the intention of sweeping off the British troops.

It was believed at first that they were Frenchmen, and Vicars, who held an advanced post, was the first to discover they were Russians. He immediately ordered his men to lie down. When the enemy were within about twenty yards he ordered a volley to be fired; then, springing to his feet and flourishing his sword, shouted, 'Now, 97th, on your pins, and charge!'

He dashed forward at the head of his two hundred men, against two thousand Russians, and soon received a bayonet wound in the breast. But still he fought and struggled. The Russians were slowly yielding to the handful of British.

Again the voice of Vicars rang out, 'Men of the 97th, follow me!' The men pressed on, inspired by the pluck and courage of their leader.

Once more his voice rang out, 'This way, 87th!' As he spoke, a bullet entered his right shoulder; his sword dropped from his grasp, and he fell to the ground.

Furious to see their captain disabled, and eager to save him from being trampled upon by the foe, his men pushed forward desperately, lifted him from the ground, and carried him away. He was able to speak, and said he thought the wounds were only slight. But he was losing blood fast. He expressed his thanks for a draught of water. A few minutes later he said, in a low voice, 'Cover my face—cover my face!' Just as the bearers reached the door of the captain's tent he died.

Thus at the age of twenty-nine, this heroic young Christian and devoted soldier ended his useful career. Faithful to his religious convictions, caring nothing for derision and contempt, he steadfastly worked for God, and left behind a far-reaching influence.—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Loss Without a Compensating Gain.

It is difficult to measure the loss without any compensating gain which we of this period have suffered in the very general decline of family worship. The daily assembling of the family, once universal in Christian homes, made a focussing point for thought and fond association, whenever the family was broken up, or when some of its members were absent on errands of business or pleasure. They knew, how far soever they might go, that the family altar was the place at which they would be lovingly and devoutly prayed for, that their names would be remembered there before God. Even if the old-time reading and the old-time petitions were sometimes a trifle too long, yet the gain to the family in a regular meeting for Divine worship, in self-restraint, in discipline of mind and body, was obvious. No small part of the familiarity with the Bible which older people enjoy is due to the fact that either they joined for many years of their lives in 'reading around' at family prayers, or else that they heard the Bible read daily, during the formative period of their lives. It is pitiful to observe how hazy and nebulus is the knowledge of God's Word which a great number of our young people have; how little they are acquainted with the Bible as literature, and how much they are at the mercy of the enemies of the truth, simply because the good old-two edged sword of the Scriptures is a weapon to which their hands are unused.

Can we not, we who have fallen into habits of indifference in this respect, revive in our homes the custom of daily family worship? Often as we think of the lions in the way, if lions there be, let us determine to pass them bravely by, and they will seem less formidable, thus dared with a courageous front. If train time and ferries confront us, why not rise a little earlier; or why not have prayers just before dinner at night, instead of just before or after breakfast? If self-consciousness be in the way, let it be resolutely put aside or put down. The Lord's Prayer can at least be reverently repeated by those who feel timid about conducting prayers and making a prayer in their own words. But let us return, if we have wandered, to the good old way of our fathers.—Mrs. Sangster.

TAKE NO CHANCES.

When a business man sees a good thing ahead of him, and knows that by quick action NOW he can secure it, while by delay he may lose it, generally speaking, he 'takes no chances,' but acts at once.

Our business-like 'Pictorial' boys are going on the same principle, and have been rushing in orders for October to secure a place at the top of the Xmas despatch list. Those who do not handle October or November can scarcely expect to be served first when it comes to Xmas orders, and certainly they can hardly expect to get the fine big Christmas Number on the 'pay-when-sold' basis.

If you have not yet sold the October Number, we might even yet be able to spare you a small supply. In any case, push all you can for a good order for next month. The more you sell of November the more you will be able to handle of the December issue, for as you sell one of November you can bespeak an order for Christmas issue, and many of your customers will want two or three each for friends abroad. So, TAKE NO CHANCES, and get in your orders at once for October or November, or both, to secure your place in time for the Xmas trade.

One of our Western Alberta boys (to whom selling the 'Pictorial' is no longer a novelty, for he has handled it now for a long time), writes us in his last letter, as follows:

'The papers you sent me sold like hot cakes. I went to two rooms of a building, and sold eight in five minutes. Please forward nine more of October issue, and I will sell them, and send you the ninety cents for the jack-knife.'

Nine wins a jack-knife, fourteen a pen, twenty a watch, six extra a chain, etc., etc. Write to day for a package to start on and full instructions.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—Watch for the interesting set of Indian pictures in the November 'Pictorial'—taken by another of our young Alberta agent'

The Secret of Contentment.

I visited in a hospital a young girl who had just submitted to the amputation of a limb. She told me that when she first learned she must lose the limb it almost killed her. But she spent a little time in prayer, and knowing now that it was God's will, because in no other way was there any hope that her life could be spared, she accepted the decision of the surgeons quietly. From that moment there was no further struggle. The secret of her wonderful change was her acquiescence in what she believed to be the will of God. The moment we accept a cross, it is no longer a cross.—Dr. J. R. Miller.:

Religious Notes.

One of the significant resolutions passed at the Shanghai Conference was in the interests of unity in the essentials of faith. The following was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it is frequently asserted that Protestant missions present a divided front to those outside, and create confusion by a large variety of inconsistent teaching, and whereas the minds both of Christian and non-Christian Chinese are in danger of being thus misled into an exaggerated estimate of our differences, this Centenary Conference, representing all Protestant missions at present working in China, unanimously and cordially declares—

That this Conference unanimously holds the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the supreme standard of faith and practise, and holds firmly the primitive Apostolic faith; and further, while acknowledging the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed as substantially expressing the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith, the Conference does not adopt any creed as a basis of church unity, and leaves confessional questions to the judgment of the Chinese Church for future consideration; yet in view of our knowledge of each other's doctrinal symbols, history, work and character, we gladly recognize ourselves as already one body, teaching one way of eternal life, and calling men into one holy fellowship; and as one in our teaching as to the love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; in our homage to the Divine and Holy Redeemer of men; one in our call to the purity of the Christian life, and in our witness to the splendors of the Christian hope.

We frankly recognize that we differ as to methods of administration and church government; that some among us differ from others as to the administration of baptism; and that there are some differences as to the statement of the doctrine of Predestination or the Election of Grace. But we unite in holding that these are exceptions of our real unity in our common witness to the Gospel of the grace of God.

The Conference went on to take the first step toward unity in the Chinese Church in the passing of resolution No. 5:

This Conference, having thankfully declared our essential unity as already existing, earnestly desires further that this unity should be fully manifested and made effective in the Chinese Church, and considers that the most urgent practical step for the present is to endeavor to unite the churches planted in China by different missions of the same ecclesiastical order, without regard to the nationality or other distinctive features of the several missions under whose care they have been formed, recognizing the inherent liberties of these Chinese churches as members of the Body of Christ.

The Basutoland Mission, founded in 1833 by three young Frenchmen, marked the beginning of a remarkable movement among that darkened people toward the Gospel. The tribe numbers 400,000 persons, and of these 20,000 are now members of the native church, while 30,000 have been in greater or less degree brought under Gospel influences. In the matter of self-support, the Basuto native church set itself nobly to realize the ideal set before it by the missionaries, and has for years provided for its own expenses as well as for those of the native pastors. The members have also responded readily to the call to evangelize the the heathen members of their race, and of the $25,000 a year which is found necessary for this purpose they are regularly raising about $20,000. There were formerly 20 European missionaries on the staff, but as the native pastors have increased—there being now 13 such helpers at work—it has not been thought necessary to fill up recent vacancies, and the number is now 17. In addition to the efforts carried on at the main centres, there are some 397 out-stations and schools worked by native helpers.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch:
A Friend, Fall Creek, Oregon, ... $.. 1.00

Received for the cots: Jerusalem S. S., per Miss Baylis, $1.35; Mabel, Vernon, B.C., 10c.; total .. .. $ 1.45

Received for the komatik: David T. Ballantyne, Victoria, B.C. .. .. $ 10.00

Previously acknowledged for the launch	$578.09
Previously acknowledged for the cots..	$192.59
Previously acknowledged for the komatik..	$124.45
Total received up to Oct. 15	$907.38

We have also received from Edwin H. Paterson, Victoria, B.C., the sum of $50.00 for the support of a cot in Harrington. This amount has been turned over for this purpose to the Treasurer of the Montreal Society.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

An Interesting Exhibit.

The Departmental Stores at this time of the year are just groaning with all kinds of things for all kinds of people in preparation for the winter and holiday season. Their catalogues are almost as full of information and suggestion as a great exhibition. To turn over their pages is something like taking a trip through their great stores. Of course one cannot see or feel the very goods, but good pictures, with descriptions and prices when issued by an absolutely trustworthy house give a really good idea of the articles themselves. And one can sit and study the catalogue at leisure while the shopper is jostled by the great crowds and distracted by the noise. One can make no mistake in sending for a catalogue of a large Departmental Store, when the opportunity is given, as it is elsewhere in this paper. When writing for the catalogue, please be particular to say you saw the offer in the 'Northern Messenger.'

LESSON,—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10 1907.

JOSHUA RENEWING THE COVENANT WITH ISRAEL.

Joshua xxiv., 14-28. Memory verses, 22-24. Read Josh. xxiii., xxiv.

Golden Text.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve. —Josh. xxiv., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 4.—Josh. xxii., 15-34.
Tuesday, November 5.—Josh. xxiii., 1-16.
Wednesday, November 6.—Josh. xxiv., 1-18.
Thursday, November 7.—Josh. xxiv., 19-33.
Friday, November 8.—Sam. xii., 6-25.
Saturday, November 9.—1. Kings xviii., 20-40.
Sunday, November 10.—Heb. x., 19-39.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did you ever make a promise to any one? Do you know what it means to 'keep your honor bright'? When you say you will do anything, you like people to believe you, and say, 'Oh, he's to be trusted. He is a boy of his word.' It is not always easy to keep our promises, but we must remember that if we are to grow up honest men we must start by being honest boys. You will remember what we have been learning in our recent Sunday School lessons, and perhaps you, Fred, can tell me what man we studied about last Sunday whom God rewarded for being faithful? Yes, his name was Caleb, and he was quite an old man. A friend of his, Joshua, was the leader of the nation, and Joshua was older than Caleb. Our lesson to-day is about what happened eighteen years afterwards, so, of course Joshua was now a very old man, one hundred and ten years old, and he knew he would soon have to leave the people he had guided for so long. So he called a great meeting, likely somewhere where he could stand on a hillside to speak to them, and when they were all watching him he reminded them how God had promised them something a great many years ago, and how they had promised God something. He showed them how God had done all that he had promised, for all God's promises are true, and now said Joshua, are you ready to keep your promise?

Make the children see the necessity for being decided, and let them say over together the words of the golden text. Like the Israelites, they have had many blessings from God, should they not in return give him their service?

FOR THE SENIORS.

The lesson is emphatically a plea for decision. Joshua puts before the Hebrews God's fulfilled promises—Will they fulfil their promise in return? He places before them the choice between idolatry and the worship of God. Will they go back to the times of ignorance or forward in the way of light? He does not represent God's service as easy (verse 19), in fact, he declares their own strength insufficient. In the same way Christ declares, 'If any man will come after me let him take up his cross and follow me,' and 'without me ye can do nothing.' But in neither case is there uncertainty about the wisdom of the choice. With the Israelites the true service of God demanded a continued warfare against the surrounding tribes in contrast to the easy sociability into which they seemed inclined to settle. With the Christian it is the same—'in, but not of the world.' His evil forces are never to be met with the compromise that seems so tempting. Serve you must—either God or your soul's relentless enemies. 'Choose you to-day whom ye will serve.' Choose you must—if only in failing to decide for Christ you in this way conclude an alliance, temporary it may be in intention, but an alliance nevertheless with the forces of evil. 'He that is not with me is against me.'

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

23. Now therefore put away the strange gods. A man's promise to serve God soon loses its moral hold of his conscience, if he does not instantaneously put it in practice.—Clarke.

In point of fact, resolution, however good and however strongly expressed, is not sufficient to carry us forward into a life of obedience. . . . Thus it is that so often young hearts are embittered with disappointment, because in some high moment of resolve they determine that all life shall be new, inspired by constant resolve; but when they descend to the plane of the commonplace, to the routine of daily life, they discover that the impetus has died away, and that the power to execute the high purpose of the soul is gone. No; consecration is only possible when it is conceived, prosecuted, and consummated in power not our own, and in the energy of the Holy Spirit.—B. F. Meyer, 'Joshua.'

Every day is a Judgment Day in miniature. There are destiny lines crossing every path. It is really a choice between the 'broad' and the 'narrow' way which Jesus described. The many paths of life resolve themselves into just two ways in the perspective of eternity. This is not theology more than it is philosophy; not moral arbitrariness, but the tyranny of law.—James M. Thoburn, Jr.

We have no liberty to choose whether we will serve or no; all the liberty we have is to choose our master.—Sanderson.

Man can not escape responsibility of choice; it faces him at every moment of his life, most of all in those beautiful and strenuous days when the bases of his manhood are being laid; then it is that he ought to seek the Kingdom of God that he may win the noblest manhood. —Fairbairn.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Psa. ii., 11; John iv., 24; Matt. vi., 24; I. Chron., xxviii., 9; I. Kings xviii., 21; II. Cor. vi., 2.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 10.—Topic—The greed for gold.—Prov. xxiii., 4, 5; Luke xii., 13-21.

C. E. Topic.

OUR DUTY TO GOD.

Monday, Nov. 4.—Micah's call. Mic. i., 1, 2.
Tuesday, Nov. 5.—A message about the kingdom. Mic. iv., 1-5.
Wednesday, Nov. 6.—What God requires. Deut. x., 12.
Thursday, Nov. 7.—God wants obedience. I. Sam. xv., 22.
Friday, Nov. 8.—God wants repentance. Isa. i., 16.
Sunday, Nov. 9.—God wants love. Deut. xi., 1.
Sunday, Nov. 10.—Topic—What God expects of us. Mic. vi., 8.

One Man's Testimony.

(By the Rev. John T. Faris.)

With a sorrowful heart the teacher took the attendance of his class. How it hurt to set down so many absent marks! Twelve boys enrolled, and only seven of them present! He had been their teacher for three years. For two years of this time they had been very faithful. Indeed, his class had frequently been awarded the banner for perfect attendance. But during the past year there had been a change. It had been many months since all were present together. Sometimes only five or six responded to their names. At first he thought that sickness in the homes of several of the lads was the only cause of their absence. Later he made other excuses for them. But, by degrees, he had learned the truth. His boys thought they were getting too old for the Sunday school! And not one of them had reached his sixteenth birthday! Two of the absentees had recently begun to work for one of the leading merchants of the city. It had been reported to him that they had declared Sunday school 'well enough for kids and their sisters, but too slow for business men.'

As the troubled teacher thought of these boys—both of whom had been absent for six or eight weeks—he had an inspiration. 'Mr. B——, their employer, is the hero of every boy in his establishment. He is a leader, not only in the business world, but socially, politically, and in the church. I wonder if he wouldn't help me to solve the problem of attendance for this class?'

Next day he saw Mr. B——. That evening he mailed a dozen notes. The following morning a dozen boys were delighted to read that they were invited to spend Friday evening at their teacher's home, 'to eat ice cream, and to meet Mr. B——.'

Not one of the boys sent regrets. They enjoyed their ice cream. And they were delighted when they found Mr. B—— a capital fellow. At first they stood in awe of the great man. But when he began to talk to them as if he knew all about the way boys think and feel, their hearts warmed to him as to one of themselves. They told him about their baseball team—and he told them of the days when he was pitcher on the academy nine. That confidence completed his conquest. The boys were his, and he could do with them what he would.

It was the moment for which he had been waiting all the evening—the moment for which the wise teacher had planned when he made arrangements for the formal gathering. Mr. B—— seized his opportunity. Rising, he said: 'Well, boys, I must go now. But I'm mighty glad I've had the chance to meet you and talk to you. And it's good to know that you belong to the Sunday school. You see, I am indebted to the Sunday school for the happiness of my life. During my sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth years—the time when a young man usually determines his views of life and religion—I was under the influence of the old Sunday school you are now attending, a member of the class taught by faithful Miss G——, to whose memory that memorial window was dedicated not long ago. And I can now see, as I look back over the years that have intervened, that all the blessings of my life can be traced to the Christian faith which the Sunday school helped to establish in me. . . . . Good-night, boys, and thank you for a pleasant evening.'

The teacher accompanied him to the door. His momentary absence gave the boys a chance to exchange a few whispered sentences. Were they talking of the advisability of keeping on in the Sunday school?

At any rate, their class had a perfect attendance record the Sunday following. Then the teacher smiled. His plot had succeeded.—'Westminster Teacher.'

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

On Easy Terms,

(FOR CANADIAN SUBSCRIBERS.)

To any present subscriber sending in BONA-FIDE NEW Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at for three months, - - - - **10c**

we will award premiums as follows:—

3 subscriptions, one Maple Leaf Brooch in Colored hard enamel, very handsome; 5 subscriptions, one brooch as above, and one stick pin; 6 subscriptions, one dainty Gift Book, 'Boys of the Bible' Series, just the thing for any child; 8 subscriptions, a standard work of fiction, cloth bound, our selection.

N.B.—Our new three months' subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' at 25c. equal to two 'Messenger' subscriptions in above offer. One new 'World Wide' subscription equal to three 'Messengers.' All subscriptions to be strictly new.

John Dougall and Son, Publishers, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

If You are Young.

All the world is glad together;
It is always pleasant weather,
If you are young.
Happy days and bright to-morrows,
Win delights and scatter sorrows,
And each hour that passes borrows
Songs to be sung.

Strong your hearts are with desire
For the journey and the fight,
Life is full of force and fire,
And your dreams are like the light,
Ah! what beauties lie before you,
And what skies of hope are o'er you.
If you are young!

Science will her secrets tell you;
Pleasure has some charms to sell you,
If you are young!
All the worlds invite you to them,
Small things tempt you to pursue them,
Great things wait for you to do them,
With hand or tongue.

Oh! be heroes of the years,
True of purpose, brave of heart,
Be not cowards, weak through fears,
Strive to do a noble part;
Do not shirk the conflict ever,
Learn the gladness of endeavor,
If you are young.

You are wooed by right and beauty,
There is time for love and duty
If you are young.
Oh! take also time for musing,
Be not hasty in your choosing,
Run no dangerous risk of losing
Things divinely sung.

Give yourselves a high ideal,
Be not mean, be truly great,
Faithful, trusty, leal and real,
For your fellows and the State.
Set the Perfect Man before you,
Whose great love is always o'er you,
If you are young.

Only ponder, and remember
That the year hastes to December,
Though you are young.
Oh! be ardent in your wooing
Of the deeds that wait the doing,
And be swift in your pursuing,
While you are young.

And to serve the Christ above,
Walking ever in His light,
For true fellowship of love,
And brave battle for the right,
For all work that is the highest,
For all good that is the highest
God keep you young.

—Selected.

When a Young Girl Leaves Home to go Into Business.

Before a young girl leaves home she should secure from her pastor, or the superintendent of the Sunday school, or some other responsible person, a letter of introduction to the pastor of a church in the place to which she is going. She will naturally desire a church home, and it should be in a church of her own denomination.

If possible, before leaving home, a temporary stopping-place should be assured her where she may be safe and comfortable until she has time to look about her and select a permanent location. This may be done through correspondence with the Young Women's Christian Association, the resident secretary of which will take a sisterly interest in any young woman who may apply to her, and has in her hands a list of places that have been investigated and are recommended. In some towns the Association building is itself sufficiently commodious to furnish transient shelter to young girls who are strangers in town. In any case, the Association will give guidance and care to girls who seek its protection.

On the train or boat that conveys one from home it is well to ask no information from fellow-passengers of either sex or any age. The proper persons to give information to a youthful traveller are the officials of the road or steamer.

At the terminal of most railways and at most steamer landings in these days a young stranger will meet a kind-faced woman wearing a Traveller's Aid badge, and accredited from the Young Women's Christian Association. She will take motherly care of one who arrives late in the evening without escort, or who has no friends to meet her. A letter sent in advance by the secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society of which a girl is a member to the secretary of the society in the town which she hopes to join will ensure her a welcome at the train in many places.

Two duties are incumbent on our country girl on her first Lord's Day in town. One of these is to attend church. She may be very tired. She may feel very homesick, with the cast-in-a-strange-garret feeling that weighs one down like a stone, but never mind. Conquer the depression. Rise early, dear girl. Read the Bible. Dress, and go to church. After the service tarry a little, and make yourself known to the minister. If the hour for Sunday-school makes it practicable, enter a Bible-class, and enroll yourself as a regular attendan. Ascertain the hour for the Christian Endeavor service, and quietly enter the room and take your seat.

I have known scores of country girls who came alone to town to work in offices and shops, to study art or music, or to become shop assistants. I have never yet known one who followed the plan I have outlined who did not soon find herself surrounded by a crowd of helpful friends, friends for fair weather and for cloudy days, friends who were steadfast and true.

The other thing to do is to write to your mother on Sunday afternoon. I shall speak of this a little further on.

Whatever boarding-place the young girl selects, she should make her room as homelike as she can. On the dressing-bureau let her put the photographs of her home people. It is a great comfort to have a mother's pictured face and a father's smile greet one every morning, to say good-night to these loved ones the last thing before falling asleep at the far end of the day. A few books from home one's Bible, and one's writing materials assist in creating a home atmosphere.

I spoke of writing to one's mother. Ah, girls, you cannot write to her too often when you are absent, nor can your letters be too confidential. Tell her everything, every little thing. Answer her questions. Keep closely in touch with your mother.

Finally, dear maiden, live within your income. Rigidly adhere to a resolution to spend no more than you earn. Save a little, if you can, for the rainy day, for the visit home in vacation, or for the season when work is dull. Resist the temptation to spend too much on dress. Reserve something for the Lord's cause, and for charity.

A happy day is coming to you, when you will turn your back for a little while on brick walls and stifling streets, and go home. The old road will beckon you. Trees and fields and river will look just as they did when you went away. As you drive past the post-office in the old 'bus, someone will call out, 'Hello, here's Bessie!' and half a dozen boys and girls will come running to meet you—Dick and Charlie and Cousin James, Edith, Susie, Rosamond. How natural it will be to see them and how your blood will dance in your veins at their greeting!

And flying down the walk, in her gingham dress and white apron, who shall come but mother, taking her girl once more into her loving arms? Is there in the wide world a single thing so sweet as going home to be awhile with mother? Carry back to her, dear child, back from the busy town, to the tranquil country, the heart you take away with you.—'Christian Globe.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

A Missoinary Box, and What Came of It.

(At one of the meetings of the International Missionary Union, at Clifton Springs, the venerable Doctor Cyrus Hamlin, for many years a missionary to Turkey, and founder of Robert College, told the following story of his early days in connection with his missionary training. It is very suggestive.)

In those early days, all were agreed that the greatest event of the season was the fall training, or militia muster. To participate in the affair was the greatest military glory we could have any conception of. There was the colonel on his magnificent horse, the fifers and drummers, and the militia men. It elevated our souls just to behold the glory of the militia muster. There used often to be Indians, and about twenty to twenty-five old Revolutionary soldiers, who were always getting up Indian fights. Every boy who went to muster had his money given him to buy gingerbread and other confections on that great day. Now, I remember almost as well as though it were yesterday a bright September morning when I started for the muster. My mother gave me seven cents to buy gingerbread for my enjoyment during the day; and a cent then would buy a pretty large piece of gingerbread. I was rich, and my mother was generous.

I was thinking how I could spend all that money in one day, when my mother said, 'Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two into Mrs. Farris' contribution box as you go by.'

Mrs. Farris used to take the box home with her on Sunday; and persons not at the meeting might stop at her house during the week and drop in a few cents.

As I went along I kept thinking. My mother said 'a cent or two.' I wished she had told me to put in one cent, or two cents; but there it was: 'Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put in a cent or two.'

As I turned it over in my mind during the first mile of my walk, I thought, 'Well, I will put in two cents.' Then I began to reason with myself: 'How would that look? Two cents for the heathen, and five cents for gingerbread.' It didn't satisfy my ideas very well, because we always read the missionary news in the 'Puritan Recorder' every Sunday, and then the 'Missionary Herald' came every month; so we kept full of all the missionary news there was, and my conscience was a little tender on that subject. Two cents didn't look right, and after awhile I began to think that I would put three cents in the missionary box.

I went along a spell with a good deal of comfort after I had come to this decision. But by and by the old reasoning and comparison came back to me. 'Four cents for gingerbread, and three cents for the souls of the heathen.' How was I to get rid of that? I thought I would change it to four for the heathen, and three for gingerbread. Nobody could complain of that.

Then I thought of the other boys, who would be sure to ask, 'How many cents have you got to spend?' and I should be ashamed if I had only three cents. I said, 'I wish mother had given me six cents, or eight cents; then it would be easy to decide; but now I don't know what to do.' I got to Mrs. Farris's house and went in. I remember just how I felt, to this day. I got hold of my seven cents, and thought, 'I might as well drop them all in, and then there will be no trouble,' and so I did.

After that I went off immensely well satisfied with what I had done. I was quite puffed up, and enjoyed it hugely till about noon, when I began to be hungry. I played shy of the gingerbread stand; didn't want to go there; went off around where the soldiers were having their dinner, and wished somebody would throw me a bone.

Well, I stood it without a mouthful till about four o'clock, and then I started for home. I can remember just how I felt when I got in sight of my home. It seemed as if my knees would fail me—they felt worse than they do now; I could hardly drag myself along. But as soon as I reached the house, I cried, 'Mother, do give me something to eat;

I'm as hungry as a bear; I haven't eaten a mouthful all day.'

'Why, Cyrus, where is the money I gave you this morning?'

'Mother, you didn't give it to me right. If you had given me six cents, or eight cents, I could have divided it, but I couldn't divide seven cents, and so I put it all into the missionary box.'

She said, 'You poor boy!' and she went right off and brought me a big bowl of bread and milk; and I don't think I ever ate as much bread and milk before. There were tears in my mother's eyes, and I said, 'Pshaw, mother! I would go without eating all day to have bread and milk taste as good as this.'

But that wasn't what she was thinking of; no mother here would interpret it in that way. It was the thought, 'This little boy, my youngster, can deny himself for the sake of Jesus,' that brought the tears to those loving eyes.

Now, if there are any mothers here who want their children to go as missionaries that is the way to train them for missionaries.

When I grew to be a young man, I told my mother, 'I have decided to give my life to missionary work'; and she wept heartily over it, but said: 'I have always expected this, Cyrus'; and she never said another word about it.

I have often thought, in looking back over my boyhood, that out of that missionary box came six missionaries who have done long and good work. We never thought of it then, but that is my interpretation of it now. One of the missionaries is the man who saved the Telugu mission when the Baptist board thought of giving it up. They told him they wouldn't send him back, and he said: 'You needn't send me back, but I shall go back. As I have lived, so shall I die, among the Telugus.' They couldn't do anything with such an obstinate man, so they said: 'When you die, we do not want the heathen to pitch you into a hole and cover you up; we want you to have a Christian burial, and this young man shall go back with you.'

I think in five years after their arrival they baptized five thousand converts. That was the Rev. Dr. Jewett, of the Telugu mission, When we were boys we used to attend the same church and look at each other through the loopholes in the high pews. I have always felt as if he came out of that missionary box. I am sure I did, but I didn't know it at the time.—Selected.

Flaws in the Timber.

Two shipwrights, one day, busy in the yard, came across a piece of timber with a flaw in it. A worm had begun to eat into it, and one of the men said, 'Don't use it; it is not sound.' 'Oh, yes,' replied the other; 'that does not matter.' And so the piece was duly placed in the position on the ship's side. Years after, the ship struck on a small reef of rock, and soon sprang a leak. Despite every effort the craft became a wreck. Upon examination it was found that the faulty piece not rejected years ago was the cause of the rot spreading to other parts of the vessel. How like the little flaw in character that causes the wreck of a life.—'Living Epistle.'

Be Prompt.

Promptness is a habit, and can be just as easily cultivated as others that are not of one-half as much importance. If you are a slow dresser give yourself ample time to prepare for whatever appointment you have made. If it is the ordinary going to meal three times a day, let it be a fixed rule never to be found loitering over the toilet when the time for breakfast, luncheon or dinner arrives. Promptness, in the household, in business, and in the carrying out of social engagements is the primary step towards comfort and economy of time that leaves many a minute for the accomplishment of outside work and play that in the end counts for much.—Selected.

Bad Thoughts.

Bad thought's a thief: he acts his part—
Creeps through the windows of the heart;
And if he once his way can win
He lets a hundred robbers in.

PASS A GOOD THING ON.

Dear friend—

If your Sunday School takes the "Northern Messenger" it already knows its value If not, we want to send a sufficient number free that each scholar may have a copy for several consecutive Sundays.

It will then rest entirely with the Officers of the school whether they wish it continued at the low Rate of 20 cents a year in clubs of ten or more This is just half the regular rate and gives nearly three large papers for a cent.

Kindly show this "important" notice to the Officers of your school—whether you are actively connected with it or not—and suggest that they take advantage of this offer We leave it to you to add what you will regarding the influence of the paper upon the young and the interesting nature of its Contents.

The Northern Messenger is being read by nearly a quarter of a Million Canadian Sunday School Children—the great City Schools all over the Dominion as well as the smallest Cross-roads School according it first place in their hearts.

It surely would not be difficult to introduce the Messenger into one more Sunday School either in Your district—or through some friend interested in a Sunday School somewhere else.

Will you try for one? It would greatly please us.

Yours Sincerely,
John Dougall & Son,
publishing matters

WHY THE BEST S. S. PAPER.

The 'Northern Messenger'

1. Has the largest circulation of any religious weekly in Canada.

2. Is strictly undenominational, soundly evangelical, strongly temperance.

3. Gives bright, interesting stories, anecdotes, verses, pictures for old and young.

4. Is treasured not only by the scholars themselves, but in the homes by the members of the family who do not attend the school.

5. Is unequalled anywhere for the money. Price to Sunday-schools only 20 cents per copy per year, in lots of 10 and over to one address.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Any school wishing to try it may have enough to give one to each scholar sent direct from this office for THREE CONSECUTIVE WEEKS, free of all charge. We take the risk of an order following.

A post-card telling us how many to send and to whom is all that is needed.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Small Talk.

'What an interesting girl Mildred Holmes is,' Aunt Pauline remarked at the breakfast table. 'I am very much taken with her.'

Pauline, Jr.—she was named for Aunt Pauline—had left the table, and was gathering up her books preparatory to starting for the high school. But she dropped her Virgil, and waited to hear what Aunt Pauline would say next. 'Mildred Holmes an interesting girl! Why she can't say anything but small talk,' Pauline said to herself.

Mildred was a chum of Pen, Pauline's twin sister, but there was no fellowship between Pauline and Mildred. Pauline called herself intellectual; it had been her ambition to be known as an intellectual girl ever since she had first heard the adjective applied to Miss Mulford, who spoke seven languages, and was the author of a monograph upon Confucious. Miss Mulford wore her hair short because it took less time to arrange it, and, besides, it was cooler for the brain. Miss Mulford was Pauline's ideal, but she hesitated about sacrificing her pretty chestnut hair. Still, it would be worth while if it would make people call her 'the intellectual Miss Ingalls.'

'I called on Mrs. Holmes last evening,' Aunt Pauline continued. 'I had to wait half on hour for her, and meantime several people dropped in. I was greatly pleased with the way Mildred entertained them. She seemed to know just what to say to everybody. She really was very charming, and yet she seems so unconscious.'

Pauline was late; she could wait to hear no more, but all day long Aunt Pauline's words rankled in her mind. She was especially anxious to stand well with Aunt Pauline, whom she considered an intellectual woman. She had tried to 'put her best foot forward,' displaying her knowledge along various lines. Only the evening before she had talked Browning for a full hour, giving many extracts and speaking of his 'message to his times.' Pauline had views of her own about Browning. Aunt Pauline had listened, of course, but she had never told her that she was an interesting girl.

A few evenings later, as they sat on the porch, Pauline asked her aunt: 'Will you tell me why you call Mildred Holmes an interesting girl? I've known her all my life, and she hasn't an original idea. She is not a remarkably good student, and her compositions are commonplace. She never says anything but small talk.'

Pauline's brother Jack was sitting on the steps, though she did not know that he was there. Before Aunt Pauline could reply, he broke in:

'That's just it, Pauline. You are always up on stilts. You want people to go about discussing the nebular hypothesis, or the digamma, whatever that may mean. Are you trying to run opposition to Miss Mulford? Mildred Holmes is a jolly girl, and she always knows how to say the right thing in the right place, and make a fellow feel comfortable. There's a big difference between talking to please one's self and talking to please others. It's often handier to have a pocketful of small change than a fifty-dollar note. It will be easier to pass.' And Jack strode away, having, as he confided to Pen, freed his soul.

'Jack is a ridiculous boy,' Pauline began, in a superior tone.

But Aunt Pauline put her hand on her niece's shoulder. 'There is much sense in what Jack says. I am far from despising "small talk," as you call it. One who has something ready to say to everybody is a public benefactor. She can come to the help of a bashful person who "sticks on conversation's burrs." Now Mildred kept the conversational ball rolling, the other evening. As I said, there were several people there, and they were what Jack would call poorly assorted, but Mildred, in her place as hostess, made everybody at home, and led the conversation so that everybody talked. As soon as her mother came in, she excused herself and went to prepare her lessons. I am not a good small talker—to coin a term. I have often felt that I would gladly give considerable knowledge upon some special subject for the grace of having something pleasant to say just at the right time.'

'Aunt Pauline, I see. I have always thought that one should talk up—you know what I mean. I looked down on Mildred just because she always finds so many little things to talk about.'

Aunt Pauline patted her namesake's hand. 'There is a time for everything—from the digamma, as Jack says, down to daisies, but the tactful person knows what subject to introduce.—'Forward.'

'—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

Cultivate Your Mothers.

There are many kinds of mothers and many kinds of daughters, but mother-love is always the same. Young daughters sometimes vary in the degree of their love and loyalty to their mothers. I have never understood why this should be, but it seems more 'natural' for girls to neglect their mothers than for mothers to neglect their girls. A spirit of comradeship and perfect confidence should exist. I met recently a beautiful little girl of sixteen and her mother, who is perhaps forty. The girl came gaily in from school with her hands full of books and letters. She chatted with me a moment, then followed her mother into another room, and I heard them laughing and talking like chums. By and by Hazel came back to me, and with a captivating little gesture of apology, said:

'Excuse me for leaving you—I always show Mamma all my notes and invitations, and—I couldn't wait.'

Later the mother, talking lovingly of her daughter said: 'I believe all mothers should enter fully into the lives of their girls and be a girl with them. Hazel is my little girl, and I am going to take good care of her, but I want her to feel free to tell me everything and not be afraid of being scolded!'

Fortunate Hazel; wise little mother!—'Home Journal.'

A Beautiful Face.

'Mother,' said Emily Rand, slowly, as she placed an empty jelly-tumbler, and unsoiled napkin on the dining-room table, 'you haven't an idea how much I enjoy going up to Aunt Mary's.'

'Did she seem as bright and well as usual, dear?' asked Mrs. Rand, anxiously, as she hurriedly laid the cloth for the noonday meal.

'I think so, mother, and she was delighted with the bread and jelly.'

'I imagine Aunt Mary's gratitude, which is always so genuine, is the secret of my little girl's pleasant visits there, isn't it, dear?'

'No mother,' replied Emily, thoughtfully, as she took the knife-tray from her mother's hands; 'it isn't that, for when I don't have anything for her it's always the same. It's her beautiful face that attracts me; and when I come away I always feel—why, I can hardly express it; but, I guess, sort of purified. I wish I had such a sweet face, for then everybody'd love me as they do Aunt Mary.'

'You can have such a face, dear, if you follow Aunt Mary's recipe.'

'Recipe, mamma? Why, that seems very strange. She doesn't do anything to make her have such an attractive face— course she doesn't.'

'She certainly does, Emily; and it's a recipe my own little girl may follow with like results. It's to think beautiful thoughts, and beautiful thoughts make a beautiful face. The face, dear, is the mirror of the soul, and what the soul thinks the face expresses. Never allow yourself to think sour and disagreeable thoughts, but only those which are pure, unselfish, and sweet, and in time my little girl's face will be just as beautiful and attractive as dear Aunt Mary's.'—'League Journal.'

Temperance

The Two Workers.

Two workers in one field
  Toiled on from day to day.
Both had the same hard labor,
  Both had the same small pay.
With the same blue sky above,
  The same green grass below,
One soul was full of love,
  The other full of woe.

One leap'd up with the light,
  With the soaring of the lark;
One felt it ever night,
  For his soul was ever dark.
One heart was hard as stone,
  One heart was ever gay;
One worked with many a groan,
  One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
  Beside a merry mill;
Wife and children near the spot
  Made it sweeter, fairer still;
One a wretched hovel had,
  Full of discord, dirt and din—
No wonder he seemed mad,
  Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
  Toiled on from day to day;
Both had the same hard labor,
  Both had the same small pay.
But they worked not with one will,
  The reason let me tell—
Lo! the one drank at the still,
  And the other at the well.

—"Temperance Advocate.

To be 'Fit' Young Men Cannot Take It.

There is a great desire on the part of all young men to be fit. A young man cannot possibly be fit if he takes alcohol. By no possibility can he want it. That anyone young or healthy should want alcohol is simply preposterous. They might just as well want strychnine. Thus the argument for the young man is: You want to be a man, and you want to be fit. You cannot get fit on alcohol.—Sir F. Treves.

Two London Scenes.

(Harold Begbie, in the 'Daily Chronicle.')

I.—Saturday Night.

Let me show you something which is worse than hell; that which is more terrible than tragedy and more hideous than vice. For sin is not the ultimate degradation of humanity. I will take you into a close-wedged procession of happy men, women, and children, and make you feel that you would rather be journeying to the magnificence of hell in a rout of devils.

It is a procession of thousands of shabby men and women passing at a crawl between shop-windows and costermongers' barrows on a Saturday night in South-East London. The wind from the Thames blows hither and thither the flames of naphtha lamps, and makes them tug and hiss at the greasy burners. It is bitterly cold; women draw their grey shawls closer over their heads; men turn up their coat collars, hump their shoulders, and thrust their hands deeper in their pockets, and the blue-faced children, squeezed between the legs of the crawling multitude, shiver and snuffle as they creep so slowly forward, with chattering teeth and purple lips which twitch and shudder—half from cold and half from hunger.

Look at some of the faces. The women have their hair dragged from their foreheads; the eyes are hardly visible; the noses are short and broad; the blubber lips reach across their swollen faces. The men have shifty eyes, their under jaws project—there is nothing in their faces which suggests dignity or kindness. Now and then a girl passes whose face is beautiful beyond imagination, but the garments are horrible, and the words that issue from her lips are vile. On all the faces you read satisfaction and content. Even the starving children peep about with excitement.

On the top rail of a stall, stuck upon hooks, and just high enough to grin above the multitude, are the heads of two sucking-pigs; the eyes are half-open and wear a glassy smile; round the rim of the ears and the edge of the open grinning lips is a line of blood. They seem to hang there like the presiding deities of this market, the gods of this sordid festival.

Hideous Environment.

Butchers stand before their open windows calling loudly and briskly for customers, and reaching down joints of meat from steel hooks, which they fling to a man inside to be weighed. Children, bareheaded and in rags, thrust themselves among the crowd offering beetroots on pieces of dirty newspaper. The street is filled with cries. There is a smell of fish and fusty garments. At one of the barrows live eels squirm and wriggle on a greasy tray, while the costerwoman chops up one of their brethren on a bloodstained block, and licks her fingers at the end of the operation. Into our faces as we go forward foul, fat women with hoarse voices shove handfuls of animal matter—things bloody and dreadful—and tell us that the cost is only twopence. At another barrow an old woman and her three daughters are selling for pennies, twopences, threepences, and fourpences the toothsome oddments from their rag-shop. Blouses, stays, petticoats, nightdresses, trousers, waistcoats and caps—all of them so sodden and musty that we doubt if they would burn—are snatched up from the wide stall, flourished in the light of the naphtha lamps, and flung across to the highest bidder for a few coppers.

And while this marketing is going on, and while the air is filled with the hoarse shouts of the hucksters, out from the public-houses, like drowsy bees dislodged from a swarm, drop men and women—many of them carrying babies in their arms—and slouch away into the darkness of some neighboring court. The gin-shops are crammed—crammed with men, women and children. The more careful housewives are fingering bits of meat scarce fit for dogs, and haunting the stalls till they have collected enough for Sunday's dinner; but when this is done they ,too, fight their way into the gin-shops and stay till closing time. In and out of the pawnbrokers' shops pass the mothers who wish to rescue their best clothes for the Sunday. The moneylenders' doors are never still. And the crowd in the street grows denser and noisier. The smell of it fills the soul with nausea.

A young man, with a child or two in his arms, comes out of a public-house. His wife and a girl friend follow after him, mocking him for going home so early; the wife carries a baby of three or four months in her arms. In the middle of the road the girls begin to dance and sing; the husband turns round and laughs; the child in his arms, with dazed eyes, watches her mother singing and dancing. The dirty linen cap on the baby's head slips off as the mother whirls about, and we see the poor little bald head going round and round in the glare of the naphtha. How that tiny brain must swim! How it must wonder at the shrill laughter of its swaying mother! The baby is no larger than a skinned rabbit. Round and round, round and round, to the shrieked tune of 'Sally, Sally, was in the ballet,' while the husband stands grinning, and the girl friend suddenly reels and goes down behind a barrow, chuckling and cursing.

II.—Monday Morning.

In a high-backed, red leather chair, in the Tower Bridge Police Court, Mr. Cecil Chapman sits on Monday morning, bending over his desk, and listening to applications for summonses. Husband and wife, man and woman—a quarrel, a blow, years of neglect and cruelty, this is the tale, one after another, for surely as sordid and hour in all our measurements of eternity. This woman has her nose broken across her face; this man has a stab in his cheek! old men, middle-aged men, and young men; old women, middle-aged women, and young women. They appear for a minute, gasp out their dreadful tale, and disappear with the magistrate's quick and yet sorrowful comment: 'Very well, then; take a summons.'

Now the public comes tumbling into the big courts; witnesses are marshalled in by the police; detectives and inspectors come tramping to their places; the business of the day begins. One after another the victims of Saturday night enter the dock, and for a brief minute face the imperturbable magistrate. It seems as if he feels for them neither disgust nor pity. The eyes look over their glasses for a moment, the face of the prisoner is regarded, and then the monotonous decision is made: 'Five shillings, or five days.' They come and go like the ticking of a clock. It is appalling, this rapidity. The court is never silent. The bruised and battered man is hardly pulled out of the dock, before the shabby woman is being pushed towards the iron rails, to plead her guilt, and to snuffle for mercy. 'Five shillings, or five days,' and she is drying her tears, and a boy is entering the dock to plead guilty for being drunk and using obscene language. One after another, all the morning; and the fines at this court—the scraped shillings of the drunkard's wife or the drunken woman's husband—amount to over £1,000 a year.

Two men enter, with cut and wounded faces, to charge two youths with having knocked them down in the Borough High Street, and kicked them about the head. A villainous-looking scamp is charged with snatching money out of the hands of a poor old workman as he was paying a coffee-stall holder for his midnight supper. Three notorious thieves are charged with stealing from a shop. Wounding, maiming, attempted murder, and attempted suicide—one after another the cases follow each other, till the soul sickens of the tale. We are lower than the animals. In the twentieth century, at the heart of the Empire, we are viler than the swine.

I have exaggerated nothing. Indeed, language has not yet been invented which can express the abomination of our modern depravity. Art can express tragedy and comedy; but this is something too vile to be called tragedy, and too bestial to be called comedy. I believe that the ancient world knew nothing of it. I believe that no other country in the modern world has squalor so disgusting. I know that language cannot tell the tale.

And the magistrate at Tower Bridge Police Court—so quick, so apparently callous on the Bench—turns home, at the end of the day's work, to beg for money for the Children's League of Kindness.

That is our hope—the children. But when you see the little blue faces, with their staring glassy eyes, swung round in the arms of their drunken mothers in the cold winter midnight of the London streets, you fling away this hope in despair, and you ask angrily of Parliament how long a publican shall be allowed to commit the crime of crimes—to make drunk a mother nursing a helpless child.

Friends Abroad.

People like to feel they are remembered by friends at a distance, and one very good way to show remembrance of absent friends is to subscribe for some publication to be sent to them regularly. Some people have not much times to read a great deal; every one has time to look over an illustrated paper, and none will give so much satisfaction as the 'Canadian Pictorial.' It is sent for a dollar a year post-paid to any home or foreign address. It makes a very nice Christmas, New Year, or Birthday Gift.

We already have annual subscribers in the following countries: Africa, Australia, Argentine Republic, Bermuda, China, Corea, England, France, India, Ireland, Japan, Mexico New Zealand, Queensland, Scotland, Servia, South America, Turkey, United States of America and the West Indies. So far as it goes the list is in alphabetical order. You may have a friend in one of these countries or in some country where the 'Pictorial' does not go yet. Wherever your friend is, the 'Canadian Pictorial' would be a welcome visitor. One dollar a year, post-paid, to foreign countries. The 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter street, Montreal, Canada

—'Wide Awake,' published by D. Lothings & Co., Boston.

The Story of Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Once on a time, in a far-off French province, there lived a boy named Humpty Dumpty. His mother was a poor widow who earned her daily bread and butter by washing other people's clothes; so nearly every day she set out for the banks of the river near by, where she rubbed and pounded the soiled linen between great stones, as all French laundresses do.

Now this left Humpty Dumpty alone almost all day, so he was always inventing new ways to amuse himself. Their small cottage stood near the high-road, on one side of which there was a great high wall, many times higher than little Humpty's head. He had never seen what was on the other side of this barrier, for his mother, fearing that he might get into mischief, had forbidden him even to take a peek.

But one day (ah! would he ever forget that day?) while trying patiently to play with his few poor toys, he heard the queer singing so plainly that he forgot his promise to his mother, and determined to take just one look into the forbidden country. He didn't quite dare to climb the wall, but, if only—oh, was that a little hole between the thick stones, where the cement had broken away?

In a minute you can imagine how quickly Humpty had his eye glued to this tiny chink. And what did he see?

There was a large garden full of beautiful flowers, with a wonderful tree of golden apples growing in the midst of it. But what attracted his attention most, was an odd old woman, who stood leaning on a stick, surrounded by a solemn circle of geese. Humpty knew at once that this was a witch. She was singing a queer, rhythmic song something like this:

Carambo-cree-cru,
Show what you can do!
Circle, circle 'round,
Trip it o'er the ground—
Else you may not fly
With me, through the sky!

waving her stick to keep time; and the geese began to march up and down the broad garden path, by twos and fours, and then in single file, all as soldierly as could be.

Humpty looked with all his eyes, fascinated by the singular sight of the geese waddling up and down before the queer old woman, who sang and waved her stick, urging them on. But he feared his mother might return and catch him eavesdropping, so, reluctantly, he left this delightful peephole, and next day, after his mother's departure to her work, he found to his sorrow that the chink had been closed up securely, and he never found the opening again.

However, visions of that lovely garden and the old witch with her trained geese kept returning to him, and one day he grew bold, and deliberately climbed to the very top of the wall to see if they were still playing soldier over there.

Again he was delighted at the odd sight. There was the glowing, golden apple-tree, and the old woman under it, drilling her geese as before, only this time she seemed hard to please, and switched the legs of the leader, calling out crossly, 'Pay heed, there Bowlegs, else you shall not fly to-night! Mind your steps!' and the poor bird seemed to understand what she said.

So far, so good! Humpty lay quietly on the wall and no one saw him. It was growing twilight, and in the distance sounded the horn of the king's huntsmen on their homeward way after a day in the greenwood. The leader blew a merry tune, and Humpty shifted his position a little to listen. However slight his movement, the keen ears of the old witch heard, and looking up, she spied the trembling boy. Her anger was terrible; sparks flew from her eyes, and she stamped her foot in its high-heeled shoe with rage.

'Wicked boy that thou art! Dost know how I punish eavesdroppers?' She advanced nearer, and, waving her stick, chanted:

'Be thou turned into stone, unable to move hand or foot, or to utter a sound until I give thee leave! So do I punish those who spy!'

As she spoke, Humpty felt his senses going, his limbs grew, oh, so heavy and dull, and he sat there on the wall, a boy of stone!

Could he have turned his heavy eyes, he would have seen an even stranger sight; the witch waved her wand, and instantly all the

geese were changed into ladies whom she had bewitched. Each perched on a broomstick, and at a sign from the old woman, rose with her in the air, and away they went flying high up into the sky for their evening ride. But, as I said, he could see none of these things; he was only a stone boy, now.

Again the sound of the horns! The huntsmen drew near, excited and joyous after a lucky day with the deer. They were riding by, when one noticed the little figure crouched on the high wall, and he urged his horse closer that he might examine further; he proded and poked at it curiously with his gun-barrel. Alas! with a crash, the stone boy fell from his insecure seat to the ground, dashing into a thousand pieces.

So Humpty Dumpty's mother never knew what became of her little boy, not thinking to look for him where the pile of stone lay broken, and she grieved for him all her life. But the old witch smiled grimly when she saw the little heap of crushed stones, and marshalled her geese, free from interruption, for she knew that the eavesdropper would not return.

So, now you know why Humpty Dumpty fell from the wall and was broken into little bits, so small that he couldn't be picked up—all because he didn't keep his promise to his mother and broke his word.
—'Pure Words.'

The Cock on the Church Spire.

A small black cock stood on the tip of a tall church spire. He was not a live cock; but he could turn round and round, for the wind moved him.

There was an E to tell that the wind blew from the east, and a W to tell when it blew from the west. There was an N to show when the wind was north and an S to show that it was south.

The Black Cock looked like a brave cock, he held his head so high. The north wind made him cold, but the south wind warmed him. The east wind made him wet, but the west wind soon dried him. The Black Cock did not care which wind blew on him as a live cock would have done. He stood up straight and brave all the time.

The folks who went by the church did care. They looked up at the Black Cock and said: 'It will be cold, for the wind is north;' or 'It will be hot, for the wind is south;' or 'We shall have rain, for the wind is east;' or 'It will be fine, for the wind is west.'

So you see that the Black Cock was of use, though he could not crow or eat corn as those you have seen on the farms do.

One day the north wind blew so hard that it broke off the rod on which the Black Cock turned, and the poor thing fell to the roof of the church. John saw him fall, and ran to a man who was near and told him. The man climbed up and got the poor cock and brought him down.

The Black Cock was much bruised and scratched by his fall.

But the man got a new rod for him to turn on, and he bought some gilt paint and a soft brush and soon made him shine as bright as gold.

Then the man took him up to the top of the tall church spire, and set him in his old place once more.

He seemed to know that he was made to tell the way of the wind. So, too, he seemed glad to look like gold, like the sun he loved.

In the race to reach him first, the north wind beat all the rest, and gave him a whirl to the north.

'Whizz! Whizz!' he cried.

And the small boy clapped his hands up at him and cried, 'Crow, Cock, crow!'

But the Gold Cock did not crow. He just whizzed round and showed the folks that the wind was north.
—'Little Folks.'

'A HAPPY DAY.

(By E. M. Morris.)

Two little girls, in gowns of blue;
Two little boys, with blouses new;
Four little spades, to dig the sand;
One little pail for each right hand.
Now, if we put all these together,
And add blue skies and sunny weather,
The yellow sand and the rippling sea.
What do they make? Pray tell to me,
Ah! you need not count. That's not the way.
To find out the sum of a happy day.

AZURE BUTTER
BLUE MARY.
There was a young woman named Mary,
Whose ways were so very contrary;
That she colored bright blue
—I assure you 'tis true —
The butter she made at her dairy
CORNELIA REDMOND

—'Our Little Ones' Annual.' Estes & Saurial, Boston.

Bread and Milk.

'Bread and milk is very nice,
Eat your breakfast in a trice!'
So the little pussies say,
In their most beseeching way,
'Eat it up as quick as quick,
And let us have the bowls to lick!'
—Mary M. Sharpe.

The Moon Baby.

There is a beautiful golden cradle
That rocks in the rose red sky;
I have seen it there in the evening air
When the bats and beetles fly,
With little white clouds for curtains
And pillows of fleecy wool
And a dear little bed for the Moon Baby's head,
So tiny and beautiful.

There are tender young stars around it
That wait for their bath of dew
In the purple tints that the sun's warm prints
Have left on the mountain blue;
There are good little gentle planets
That want to be nursed and kissed
And laid to sleep in the ocean deep
Under silvery folds of mist.

But the Moon Baby first must slumber,
For he is their proud young king;
So, hand in hand, round his bed they stand,
And lullabies low they sing.
And the beautiful golden cradle
Is rocked by the winds that stray.
With pinions soft from the halls aloft,
Where the Moon Baby lives by day.
—'Pall Mall Gazette.'

Correspondence

St. O., P. Q.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen any letters from here, so I thought I would write one. We live on a farm near the Chaleur Bay, and have quite a lot of fun in the summer. I will close by answering Alexander Murray's second riddle (October 4), Because she cannot go through it; and Grimur Grimson's, the same date, I think the horse's name was Friday.

FRED LE BLANC.

[Your other answer was not right, Fred. --Ed.]

B. B., Que.

Dear Editor.—I am a little girl 6 years old. I have never seen any letters from this place. I have one little brother, 4 years old. I go to school, but can't write much, so my mamma is writing this for me. I enjoy having some

M. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I wrote a very short letter the last time. I must try to write a longer one this time. I go to school, and am in the third reader. There are two others in my class. I also go to Sunday School every Sunday I can. I have one brother eight years old, and I am ten. We have a berry patch in our bush. My father is a farmer, and we have

---

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Lady.' Lou Poodle (aged 8), B., C.B.
2. 'A Man.' M. M. (aged 12), K., Ont.
3. 'Our Home.' Fred Le Blanc, St. O., P. Que.
4. 'Yellow Violets.' Irene Bruch (aged 11), W., Ont.
5. 'A Kangaroo.' Winnifrid Short (aged 12), S., N. B.
6. 'Jack in the Pulpit.' Muriel Swartman (aged 10), W., Ont.
7. 'A Knife.' Ethel Cavers (aged 9), A., Ont.
8. 'Pansies.' Edna M. S., Pt. E., Ont.
9. 'A Chair.' Alice Read (aged 8), Montreal.
10. 'Coffe Pot.' Ruby McLeod, S. B., Ont.
11. 'Milk Jug.' Gracie McLeod, S. B., Ont.
12. 'Union Jack.' Annie I. Rodgers, S., Ont.
13. 'A Bugle.' Olivia Massey (aged 11), S. B., Ont.
14. 'A Book.' Eldon Short (aged 7), S., N.B.
15. 'My Teddy Bear.' Ivy Spencer (aged 11), A., N.Y.
16. 'A Fish.' Grace Short (aged 11), S., N.B.
17. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Annie Hanbridge (aged 10), M. H., Ont.
18. 'A Girl and Dog.' Jennie Call (aged 9), H., P. Que.
19. 'My Kite.' Frank Read (aged 6), Montreal.
20. 'The Bible.' Herbert James Weir (aged 13), B. C., Ont.
21. 'Trooper, 9th Lancers, 1859.' H. Sanders, Ottawa.

---

one to read the 'Northern Messenger' to me. I go to Sunday School, too.

G. J. McK.

W., Que.

Dear Editor.—W. is a very pretty little village, with a population of about seven hundred. It is situated on the Gatineau river, about twenty miles from Ottawa. The main street faces the river, which is very pretty in summer. There are a number of summer cottages, as the people in the city come out to spend the summer here. There is a woollen factory and flour mill four stores, and three churches—Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian.

GERTRUDE E. YORK (aged 8).

C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy ten years old. I live in C., and like it very well. They are building a new bank in this town. My grandfather takes the 'Messenger,' and he reads the letters to me. We had a Sunday school picnic to Mount Orford, one of the highest mountains in the Eastern Townships. We had a nice ride on the train. I went for a drive yesterday, to a town called Dunham, six

a 100 acre farm. My father is also a local preacher.

I have five ducks and they are great pets. We have also a little white pup, and we call him Collie. Why may a hen be said to be immortal?

ANNIE HANBRIDGE.

S. M., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have a little sister and brother that are twins, almost four years old. I have only missed one day and a half at school since last May. We live on a farm of two hundred acres, near a mountain four miles from the village of Granby. We have twenty-one cows, and a span of gray horses. We had a pretty black horse, but it died a short while ago. We have one pet chicken.

MARIEN E. COX.

Pt. E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been getting the 'Messenger' for nearly thirteen years. Pt. E. is situated on Lake Huron. It is a lovely place, especially in summer. We often go down to the lake for a bath, but it is getting too cold now. For pets we have a dog named Spot, a cow named Fawnie, and a cat named Cutey. We have some chickens also. I will close with a riddle: Why is a ship the most polite thing in the world?

EDNA M. S.

S., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I live away out in Alberta, but I used to live in L., N.S. We moved out here in July, and are getting on very well. I like this place very well. The schools are good, and my teacher is a very nice young man.

McD. McINTIOSH (aged 13.).

R., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in Saskatchewan. I have a cat and four little kittens. There are 21 scholars at our school. We have a nice garden this year; the potatoes are very good. We have five cows and two calves. My brother takes care of the calves. Our aunt sends us the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. We have 22 horses, and my brother owns one. We have a dog, too, and he likes to play with us. It snowed the other day; it was two inches deep.

BESSIE TURNBULL.

R., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I am in the second book, and like our teacher. I have a horse of my own, and call him Dick. He is a good horse. We have about 150 acres of wheat cut, and about 150 more. I have a little sister seven years old. We take the 'Messenger,' and like to read the stories. The river is only about two miles off from us. I have been down to it about six times.

WILL TURNBULL.

A. C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I will be twelve years old at Christmas. I have three brothers and one sister. I like to read the little boys' and girls' letters in the 'Messenger.' Our school is about three minutes' walk, from my home. I go every day, so do my brother and sister.

A. STANLEY ANDERSON.

OTHER LETTERS.

Ida Mae Cameron, F., Ont., is a new comer to the circle. Write a longer letter next time, Ida. We are glad to hear from you.

Annie V. Watts, G. T., P.E.I., and her sister Edith, aged seven and eight, are also new comers. Glad you like your teacher so well, Annie.

Ivy Spencer, A., N.Y., sends in this riddle: A little brown thing that comes over the sea, carries many a hundred, but can't carry me.

Florence Smale, S., Ont., also sends a riddle, but it has been given before.

We have also received little letters from Eddon B. Short, S., N.B., and Mabel White, C., Ont.

IF NOT ALREADY TAKING THEM

Just try 'WORLD WIDE' and the 'MONTREAL WITNESS' To the End of the Year at Cut Rates.

'WORLD WIDE'

Canada's Leading Eclectic. A weekly reprint of all the best things in the world's greatest journals and reviews, reflecting the current thought of both hemisphere. Internationally fair at all times. Good selections from the best cartoons of the week. The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere at the price.

Regular price per annum, postpaid the world over $1.50

Special rates to the end of 1907, only.. 20c

'MONTREAL WITNESS.'

'An Independent, fearless and forceful newspaper.'

Latest news, Market and Stock Reports, Financial Review, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Department, Boys' Page, Queries and Answers on all subjects, etc., etc. Advertisements under editorial supervision. A clean, commercial, agricultural, and home newspaper.

Regular price per annum—

Daily Edition $3.00
Weekly Edition 1.00

Special trial rates to the end of 1907—

Daily Edition, only 35c
Weekly Edition, only 15c

N.B.—These special rates are for bona-fide new subscriptions only, and are not available except for Canada (outside Montreal and suburbs), the British Isles, and such other countries as do not require extra postage. For list of these see page 12.

HOUSEHOLD.

Christmas Needlework.

Many of our readers would like to include a little real lace among their Christmas gifts for friends, but think it perhaps more difficult than it really is. We have arranged to supply patterns for real Battenberg lace, stamped in black on blue cambric, each pattern with illustrated working directions, so simple as to enable almost anyone to make these dainty articles. The designs will cover doylies, centrepieces, sideboard or piano, scarfs and runners, collars, handkerchiefs, etc. Patterns can be used over and over again. The cuts are all greatly reduced. Full size of cambric pattern given with each design.

For the additional accommodation, of out of town readers particularly, we can supply the necessary material in best quality linen braid. thread, and crocheted rings. Prices vary for both patterns and materials according to size and quality. Read descriptions carefully, and send money in postal note, money order, or registered letter. Stamps (one and two cent) accepted for small sums. Always send illustration with order to avoid mistakes, and carefully state size when design is given in various sizes.

DESIGN NO. 40.—ALL LACE DOYLEY. SIZE 6 INCHES.

Very pretty and easily worked. A set of six could be made from the same pattern in a week or ten days, using only the evening leisure. Pattern, fifteen cents; material for one doyley (four yards No. 2 braid, one ring, thread), fifteen cents; material for six articles from this design given for price of five when order is sent in with pattern order.

Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

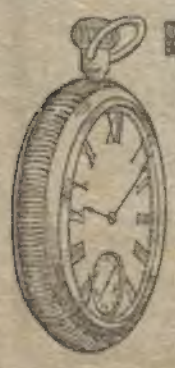
Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is November, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

THE BABY'S OWN

$12 WOMAN'S FALL SUITS, $6 50

Tailored to order. Also Suits to $15. Send today for free Cloth Samples and Style Book.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. London, Ont.



EARN this beautiful Silver Nickel Stem Wind Watch. We want to introduce our late popular music in homes everywhere. This music is beautifully lithographed in colors with artistic title pages and will sell at sight, and includes some of the best songs ever written. We will send you free 25 copies assorted to retail at 10c. each. When sold return the $2.50 to us, and we will positively send you this beautiful watch—a watch you will be proud of.

COLLEGE MUSIC CO.
Dept. A. TORONTO, CANADA

For the Busy Mother.

In ordering patterns from catalogue, please quote page of catalogue as well as number of pattern, and size.

NO. 5559.— LADIES' COAT.

A graceful model is here shown in a development of garnet broadcloth. Seven eighth and three-quarter lengths are provided for in the pattern, both of which are fashionable. The coat sleeve is finished by a turned back cuff, and the notched collar is of velvet the same color as the material. The design will reproduce well in zibeline, covert, melton and tweed. The medium size will require 4 1-8 yards of 54-inch material. Sizes for 32, 34, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.. .. ..

Size .. ..

Name .. ..

Address in full ....

.. ..

.. ..

.. ..

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger,' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Fall and Winter Fashions.

Those who purchased our catalogue of spring and summer patterns found it a very handy addition to the home work-room. We can supply an attractive catalogue of the latest styles for fall and winter, 1907-8. Same price as before, only ten cents, and well worth that small sum. Illustrated supplement on Home Dressmaking, Fancy Work, Household and Beauty Hints, and the latest Embroidery Designs.

Send name and address on pattern coupon given in this issue, with ten cents in stamps, and the catalogue will be sent you by mail. Allow one week margin beyond time necessary for return of mail, as orders are handled in rotation.

Best Quality at Lowest Cost

Is what we all want, and we want it all the time. If you are looking for fine CANADIAN FLAGS for SCHOOL and HOME, you couldn't do better than to try our plan. One hundred cents value received for every dollar you pay us, and the flag as an extra for your trouble. No shoddy materials. Satisfaction guaranteed. Just send a postal for full particulars to the Flag Department, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies .. ..$	.40 a year
Three Copies, separately addressed, if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed, if desired, per copy	.30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 "

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong and Cyprus.

U. S. Postage 50c extra to the United States, Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, except in clubs, to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

OUR BIG CATALOGUE IS FREE.

....., 190...

The T. Eaton Co. Limited.
Toronto, Can.

Sirs: Send me your New Illustrated General Catalogue.

.....

.....

OUR New Fall and Winter Catalogue, containing over 300 pages and 3000 illustrations, will be sent to any address by mail, postpaid, free on application

Write us a letter or a postal card. All you need to say is "Send me your new Catalogue," and you will receive it by return mail. If any of your friends have not received one, tell them about it, as we send it to anyone who writes for it.

A Money Saver. This big Catalogue is the result of careful preparation to have the illustrations faithfully represent the goods; to have the descriptions accurate so that you may gather a clear conception of what is offered for sale; to satisfy your requirements in each line of goods. Then there is careful buying of a prime quality of goods; particular inspection of the merchandise to make sure it is up to the high standard we maintain. Representatives in the different markets of the world are ever alert to find a chance to save a few cents on a yard or a pound in buying. Wherever possible large quantities are contracted for to get a lower price. But first the quality is selected, then the price is asked, and every item must be up to the quality chosen. All this explains why we offer you a fine quality of goods at low prices, as shown in this fine new Catalogue. Get it and look it over and note how to you it may be a real money saver.

Save by Manufacturing. There is a saving for you in our practice of buying direct from the manufacturer or producer, thereby saving all the profits of the intermediate dealers and selling the articles to you at a small profit over the manufacturers' price. Should you take the trouble to estimate what we save you in price, and the extra service you obtain from the merchandise, buying all your needs here for a year, you would no doubt be surprised. Besides, we save you by manufacturing many articles of wear. We buy the material in miles of length direct from the looms and make it up in our own factory. Here we have installed the latest and fastest machines, to save every moment possible in the making of a garment, and yet do it so well it will satisfy you. In this way you are saved the profit we would pay the manufacturer, and you are assured of a fine quality of garments.

You begin now to save money as thousands of others are doing. Sit down without delay and write for this wonderful money-saving Catalogue that is free to you, and that is bound to save you money and give you a first-class article. If you have a friend or neighbor who is not yet enjoying the privileges of this price-satisying book, tell her about it, or better still, send us the name and address and we will forward a Catalogue at once. The sooner you begin buying from this book the sooner you will become satisfied with the price and quality of your merchandise.

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA.